

GRILLER &
BOOK

1960



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GREENBOOK

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PRESENTS

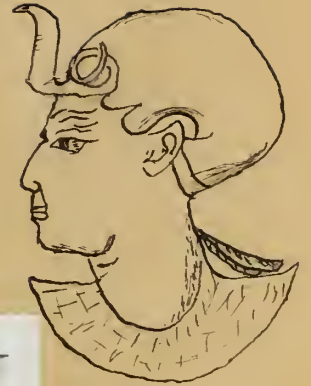
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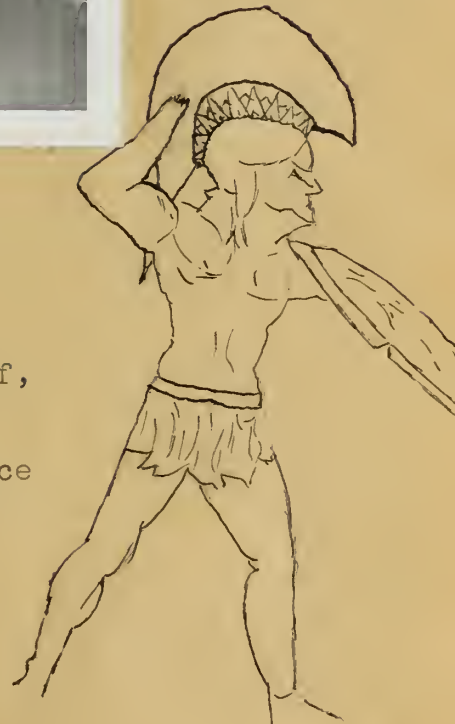
It is with great pleasure that we, the class of 1963, dedicate the 1960 edition of the GREENBOOK to one who magnifies the finest Christian example in all areas of life; who has advised us as we took our first steps in our college education; who has encouraged our scholastic achievements; and who has helped us develop Christian sportsmanship and spiritual living.

CARROLL F. BRADLEY

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT



On behalf of the 1960 GREENBOOK staff,
the editor wishes to express her
appreciation and gratefulness to
Professor Spangenberg for her guidance
and assistance in the publication of
this GREENBOOK.



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EDITORIAL

We learn from the past. The GREENBOOK of 1960 brings to you an awareness of Greek ideals, prophets of Christianity.

The Greeks assigned their gods and goddesses human characteristics. Thus, deity often symbolized ideal humanity. The highest good to a Greek was personal excellence which he could achieve by imitating the gods.

Once, nine Muses were chosen to represent national culture in the arts and sciences. These goddesses gave to each Greek a criterion for personal excellence and the diverse heritage of Wisdom, Nature, Victory, and Comedy.

"The unexamined life is not worth living," said Socrates. Wisdom is the daughter of life. As freshmen beginning a college career, the only knowledge which will be of value to us will be that which will be made our own through using it.

Nature was the playground of the gods. Now it is our environment. We see a plan for lives in our surroundings, and we hear a call to service in the needs of others. A happy life is harmonized with its environment.

Success in any venture is wrought, not won. We chisel our own victory by our willingness to

sacrifice to achieve our goals. In 480 B.C. at Thermopylae, a handful of Spartans delayed the massive Persian forces, but the price of victory was their deaths. The cost of success in any venture has not changed.

There is always time for enjoyment. The well-integrated life will include many interests, whether they be the extra-curricular activities of college or hobbies enjoyed on week-ends. When we least expect it, we gain inspiration and consolation for the inconsistencies of life.

But the humanized Muses of Greece have been superseded by Christ, whose human perfection forms the goal of the mature Christian. Through a life totally His can be found the ideals which the Muses of Greece foreshadowed.

"I am the Way, the Truth,
and the Life."



Wisdom is the right use of
knowledge

AND WE INCREASED IN WISDOM

CULTIVATE CULTURAL VALUES

When a former president of Harvard was asked for his definition of culture, he said, "Culture is what is left after a person has forgotten everything he learned in four years of college." Thus I am made aware of the fact that I must seek something of understanding, wisdom, and culture, beyond mere subject matters. I must cultivate a strong, broad mental and spiritual foundation on which to build the specialized superstructure which our age demands of all who wish to survive. But our age requires culture as much, if not more, than specialized skills for survival. Hence I must preserve and cultivate cultural values in order to preserve my society, and a specialized skill in order to preserve myself.

Charles Paul Goodman

THE CHAIN OF LOVE

Leaving home to begin your own life does not break the chain of love for your home and family, but it only lengthens that chain. Since I left home to come to college, I appreciate a great deal more what my home has meant to me and what my parents have done for me. My love for home and family has changed since I left home, but that change has been a good one. Even though the chain of love was lengthened, the links have become stronger.

Lorraine Patch

FRUSTRATION?

Oh, dear,...Wester Civ. ex m tomorrow, biology theme due on Friday, my English Composition has to be done by Wednesday... How am I ever going to do it all?...I could do my theme now... Sure is nice music..I wonder if I will have a date Friday.. I could go to Wollaston this afternoon...Oh, that Western Civ....I'll never learn it all,...There goes the buzzer. I wonder...It was for my roommate...Time for lunch. I wonder what's to eat...Oh, goody, cheeseburgers...Already two o'clock. How time flies..Yes, I studied all afternoon...We change tables again tonight. I hope he will be at my table..He isn't...I've studied all evening in this library and didn't learn a thing..Did you notice who Joe was with tonight?...

Mary Ann Yeager

HEART PURITY

In Christian Doctrine II class we were assigned a book to read during the semester. The title was referred to simply as Purity of Heart. It seemed like an ordinary assignment to me until I bought the book. In reading its entire title I came up with one Christian ideal for which I have been striving for a long time. The title is Purity of Heart Is to Will but One Thing. I had been having spiritual trouble and it seemed I was going farther away from God, until I bought this book. It has given me a clearer goal, a greater determination to gain a "pure heart". Say this title over to yourself and see if you don't feel its effects as you repeat it, for truly purity of heart is to will but one thing.

Richard H. Osman

SATISFIED?

I have recently become aware of the fact that when an individual lives his life on two separate levels, the results are emotional instability and soul-smothering selfishness. Sadly enough, this realization has come through long observation of a few of my closest friends. My feelings towards Christ have not changed; only my feeling of helplessness. Due largely to their background in religious training, they live only for themselves, and in their smug belief that they are "Christians," they lead a life of complete self-deception.

Pat Lockwood

THE ENJOYMENT OF KNOWLEDGE

Studying is quite an art. The quest for knowledge and the desire to learn, two factors which make for genuine education, are processes which are developed slowly, like the dawning of the day. When a person really has a desire for learning, studying becomes an enjoyable process. This does not happen all at once, for a person is usually almost ready to graduate from college before he obtains a real insight into knowledge. I am only a freshman, but already I am beginning to see a faint glimmer of light on the horizon.

Mary Faith Coleman

A BOOK BY ITS COVER

In the past year or so, especially since entering college, I have discovered that a person cannot be truly judged by appearance and first impressions. In past years, if a person impressed me unfavorably, I generally did not associate with

him. But in college, where we are "forced" upon each other, early impressions can dissolve as one sees the inner personality of another, and perhaps can understand why that person acts as he does. If we each made an effort to know and understand each other, there would certainly be fewer disagreements and misunderstandings.

Fred Holson

NO GIANT STEPS

Among many things I have learned at college is one bit of wisdom from the Lord that I shall never forget.

For several years I have been asking myself what I am to do with my life, where I will live, what my occupation will be. I have wondered whether I should go to the mission field or maybe stay here and teach school. But my mind was in confusion. I was seeking an answer that would not come.

During the Missionary Convention I sought especially to find God's will. I prayed, expecting God to draw back the curtain of time and say, "Look, there is your task on earth." However, God's answer was not what I had expected.

As Miss Jean Darling of India was speaking in chapel, the answer came to me very clearly. The time had not come for God to reveal the future; I was not ready to know. Instead He showed me, silently but gently and definitely, that I am to take one step at a time, just one step and not a big leap. I do not know my future, but God does. If I keep close to Him, He will guide me a little at a time as a mother gently urges her child to walk by herself. In His time and in His way God will show me His full will.

June Weischedel

THE COLD STARE OF DEATH

The other day I walked into the room of a favorite patient and went to her bedside. She was breathing heavily. The nurse called it "breath hunger." I looked at her awhile and then left the room and went about my work.

About ten minutes later I returned to her bedside. Immediately I noticed she wasn't breathing heavily any longer. I felt her head. It was not so warm as it had been. Her nose was cold and white. As I pulled back her eyelid, I got the coldest stare I have ever experienced. Quickly I felt for her pulse. There wasn't any. My friend whom I had gone to see so many times while working in the Nursing Home was dead.

This was my first actual encounter with death. The last ray of sunshine, the last breath of air, the last note of music, and the last sight of people was gone from her forever. And as I looked at her for the last time, I wondered if I would be ready for death when it comes to me.

Angie Bowman

UNREQUIRED BLESSINGS

Students don't like to do the unrequired or unnecessary thing because it takes extra effort and because they receive little praise. Some students do the unrequired for their own benefit. This is good.

If students do the unrequired, they are thought to be odd and sometimes queer. But they gain by doing it. This principle is also true in the spiritual realm. The more unrequired work we do for God, the more He blesses us.

Samuel Reighard

GOD'S HANDYMAN

About eleven years ago a little sick boy was visited by an old gray-haired doctor. With his big black bag, the doctor rumbled into the boy's room as if he were on his way to a picnic. He was very kind and seemed to take a great interest in the boy's malady. He fingered the area of the pain and then with a serious face left the room. The open bag of medicine lay by the bed.

In spite of his sickness the boy was attracted by the instruments in the bag. First, he tried to listen through the stethoscope. Then he experimented with the hypodermic needle. He continued to peek and poke through the bag until, overcome with fatigue, he was forced to lie back and rest.

This was his first glimpse into the complexity of medicine. In the weeks and year which were to follow, that boy sought and learned more about the medical profession. He is now attending Eastern Nazarene College to take a premedical course. I am that boy.

That night when the doctor came I was given my first real chance to see inside the mysterious black bag. The next day I was taken to the hospital. Here I found myself in a quiet, disinfected room, insulated from the bustling noise and dirt of the outside world. The quietness made me lonely, but the smell of the alcohol livened my interest in the activity going on about me. I scrutinized every movement the nurses made. As soon as I was alone, however, I became scared and homesick. I tossed and turned all night.



The next morning a nurse came into my room with a table on wheels. Racks of testubes and bottles of various colored liquids covered the top of the table. As she started to work on me, she explained what she was going to do. She showed me how she took a sample of my blood and tested it in the different liquids. Whenever I received medication after that, it was accompanied by a full commentary. Later that day I was taken to a room to have my appendix removed. There I was given a needle which, I was told, would make me brave. Sleep came on at a slow pace, but the promised bravery never appeared. After being rolled out of bed onto a stretcher, I was delivered to surgery.

My interest continued to grow after I left the hospital. While still in grammar school I would read articles on the new advances in medical research. Then I would dream of being a famous doctor. Through high school my childish dream began to turn slowly into a reality. Each day I grew to know how much a doctor could do for mankind. The dream of just being a doctor has changed into a plan to become a surgeon. The surgeon has long tedious hours of work, but he can see direct effects of his work in the lives of others. His hands are guided by God. God has revealed secrets about the human body to the surgeon. With God's help I want to be one of God's handymen who can heal broken bodies.



George
Osborne

AMERICAN CONFORMITY AND THE CHURCH

The majority of Americans today are looking for security. The average person wants to look like, act like, and be like the society he is living in. As long as he is just one of the mass, he feels secure. When he opposes society, he becomes an individual, he stands out and exposes himself--dumps his sense of security down the drain. Let's take a look at what effects this modern conformity has had upon our own church.

First, let's note how our beliefs are in opposition to conformity and security. We believe that a Christian must live with Christ at the center of his life; that his whole life is governed with respect to Christ. This doesn't leave much room for conformity -- governing your life according to the dictates of modern American society -- because Christ is not the center of the American society.

Even as the Christian way is in opposition to conformity, so it is the answer to conformity. Conformity and the quest for security leave the average American in a vacuum, with no purpose or meaning in his life. But by making Christ first and central, this weak "little man" becomes a strong individual who has a purpose in life. Christ is the answer to our society's dilemma.

Even as salvation is a remedy for the plight of the "little man," so this monster, conformity, is a real enemy to salvation. Every Christian has been tempted to be lax in his zeal and testimony when he has been with a group of sinful people. This is the temptation of security --to be

a mediocre Christian and not make any impact upon your own little world. Booming church attendance is no substitute for vital Christianity.

Another area where conformity is an enemy is within the circle of our own church. A Christian should have a vital prayer life in which all matters are settled between him and his Lord, not relative to how other Christians live, but relative to how his Lord is leading him. This idea of living a life relative to that of other Christians is what I mean by conformity within the church's society.

The Eastern Nazarene College community is a good example of conformity within the church. Many of the leaders and students are trying to make Eastern Nazarene College an "ideal Christian society". But the actual Eastern Nazarene College society doesn't measure up to this ideal. How does this situation relate to conformity? Both the Christian and the non-Christian are tempted to use this actual society as a crutch (simply doing what everyone else does). In the case of the Christian, he tends to neglect his vital experience with Christ. In the case of the non-Christian, he tends to pretend that he is a Christian. In both of these cases the person becomes a mediocre Christian who still has the emptiness of the conformist. But, since the real Christian has a personal relationship with his Lord, he bases his life on Christ, regardless of how others live. It is amazing how close a real Christian will come to the "ideal Christian society" (absolute way of Christ -- the Greenwich time that Melville refers to in "Chronometricals and Horologicals"), when he has independently sought Christ's

will in his own life. There is a basic "likeness" or unity in all dedicated Christians, not because they look at each other and conform, but because basically God works the same way in every dedicated heart. In contrast to this temptation of conformity within the Eastern Nazarene College society, there are also tremendous resources and opportunities for the Christian who wants to grow up spiritually.

In conclusion, conformity and a false security are real enemies of the Christian. They have left a vacancy in the life of the American, a vacancy which presents a real challenge to the only thing that can fill it -- the salvation of Jesus Christ.

James Stark



THE SPEED OF LIFE

"There is more to life than increasing its speed"
- Mahatma Gandhi

Life is too short for a person to worry over the speed with which he accomplishes his objectives. This sounds like a contradictory statement at first, because the logical mind would immediately say that brevity of time indicates the need to increase the speed at which goals are reached. But let us consider this matter.

Speed is essentially a relative thing, and can only be measured in relation to something else. The rate at which one accomplishes objectives is thus a relative thing. This relativity is a very important psychological factor. A change in pace is essentially the basic principle in what we call recreation. This pace or rate need not be physical movement, but could be mental activity as well. To maintain a given speed, a force must be constantly exerted on a body to overcome the opposing force of friction. The greater the speed with which we work, the greater the strain must be to maintain that speed. Thus as a change in pace brings a change in the rates of stress and strain in the body, both the body and the mind are refreshed.

Not only does this relativity exist between the different rates in one person's activities, but it also exists between the rates in different individuals and between the rates of individual accomplishment and the rate of time's passage. Even though there is no change in the pace of a daily life, much relaxation can be obtained if this rate differs sharply from the speed of surrounding

action, especially when the individual rate of accomplishment is much slower than what seems to be necessary for others. Usually the individual who anxiously rushes to meet a deadline is the least consistent in rate. He may travel rapidly for awhile, but he usually slows down almost to a halt from the initial strain of the problem. Then another increase and a falling away set a jerky pattern which is quite damaging to the psychological outlook. Therefore, the person who sets a slow rate and continues patiently to maintain it will probably be better off in the end.

I have noticed that the people who accomplish the most in their lives, who are most useful to others, and who enjoy life the most are those who have set a slow rate of accomplishment, and then have patiently kept at it throughout their life. The rate affects not only the amount of the work accomplished, but also the quality of the work done. Perhaps these people have been noticeable because the quality of their accomplishments makes each separate achievement important enough to be noticed and thus gives the appearance of a greater quantity.

Carl Albright

SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE

Social acceptance has become the measuring device for everything which is done by man. It has become the controller of men's minds, actions, and spirits, with only the strong daring to transgress its authority. The multitudes follow blindly down the path which winds and turns and eventually leads to stagnation, monotony and corruption. It draws the weak to the pinnacle of self-deception then it smashes them in the depths of frustrations.

The power to think is the greatest of God's gifts to man. It distinguishes him from all other animals. Yet, how many exercise this power beyond the mere necessity which life demands? How many permit themselves to be fettered and chained by the thoughts and ideas of others, to be told what to do, when to do it, what to like and not to like, and above all, what to think and how to think about it?

Mass media of information are the dominant factors in this "think not" era. Through radio, television, newspapers and periodicals the gullible public is told which are the best books to read, the best plays to see, the best political machines to follow blindly, the best people to believe in, and so on and on, through an endless list of betters and best.

Man's actions too fall into this stereotyping by social acceptance. Clothes designers set the style and the blind obey; car manufacturers tell why a new car must be had and the thoughtless rush to purchase them; and because "they"

let their offspring run wild in a car, nothing will do, but the weakminded must push their own children to self-destruction.

Right or wrong no longer holds the key to man's thoughts in this game of follow the leader. The monotonous cry of "What are others doing?" takes precedence over the thoughts and reasoning and leaves only a stagnant pool of black void where once was an active mind, capable of discerning good from bad and right from wrong.

Is it any wonder that the children of this age are having difficulty distinguishing right from wrong and are constantly finding themselves more and more frequently in trouble? What have they for guidance? Their parents, who have driven the divorce rate to an all time high; those same corrupted people who have turned social drinking into dipsomania? The children are victims of the times in which they live.

To ask for reasons in this age of social acceptability brings forth the worn out reply, "Why not, everybody does it,"....the height of self-deception. Is it any wonder that psychiatry is being pressed from all sides to give answers to the unthinking for their mounting frustrations? Why not?...the ability to think is necessary in order to reason, and thinking itself is not socially acceptable.

Henry S Mount

THE BIBLE - THE BEST BOOK

Have you ever become really acquainted with a book? I have. To me a book is a very intimate friend. A book is something which I have turned to when the odds were against me, when trials, sorrow, and death confronted me; and also when I needed some enjoyment or pleasure.

Books have had a profound influence on my life. My love for books may best be indicated by my Christmas list on my sixth Christmas. I asked Santa for five books, a bookbag, and a Bible. Christmas morning the gifts were stacked neatly in a pile under the tree. To one side were my five lovely books, a brown leather bookbag, and a beautiful white Bible. Although my mother laughs and tells everyone about this "bookishness" which seemed to obsess me, little does she realize that my tattered, dirty gray Bible will always be my most prized possession.

Ever since I have learned to read, my Bible has been a constant companion. When my grandfather passed away, I sought comfort in God's Word. It sustained and soothed me as no human friend ever could. When Scripture verses revealed to me that Grandpa was safe in heaven, my loss seemed easier to bear.

In September of my freshman year at Eastern Nazarene College, after I had said "Goodbye" to my family and friends, loneliness and homesickness seemed to torture me. It was then that I read in Matthew 28:20: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." I was indeed comforted to know that God was with me when I felt alone and forsaken.

Also I have found help and sustenance from the Bible through my daily devotions. I have found through experience that the Bible is God's way of supplying the needs which face me daily.

God, through His word, has introduced me to the best friend I have ever had. That friend is His son, Jesus. This Jesus has told me of His lowly birth in the stable at Bethlehem, of His ministry and miracle-working, of His being scorned and rejected, and finally of His horrible death on the cross of Calvary.

I really became fascinated as I read of this innocent man's death and of his self-sacrifice to save me from my sins. I wept when I finally realized that it was my sins that nailed his beautiful hands to that cruel cross. Then I prayed that He would accept my small offering of service and love.

I am glad that the wonderful story of life everlasting does not end at the cross, but that it just begins there. For in the next few chapters I found that my Christ could not be sealed in a dark tomb. He arose and is alive today in the hearts of men everywhere.

I love my Bible, my guidebook on the road of life. I love it because it has represented all I have ever sought after, dreamed of and needed. Other good books have filled one or two of my desires and have encouraged me for short periods of time, but never has any book supplied my need like the Bible. God's Word is my book and I cherish it.

Ruth Fetterman

How Vital a Force is the Church Today?

The church is an organized institution which seeks faith in a force and power beyond mere humanity. In the United States the church includes many differing beliefs and ideologies -- for example, Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish. Without the influence of the church moral and social excesses would abound. The cruelty of man to man as witnessed in Fascist and Communistic cultures would be more prevalent. When surrounded by the church, even the unchurched feel social pressure toward goodness.

Mankind is confused and uncertain of the future. Many are anxious. Some are despairing. But those who have a hope in something above and beyond themselves have a responsibility to seek a better moral, social, and political life for all. Through the ages much has already been accomplished. Foundations have been laid, primarily by churchmen, in education, medicine, and justice.

The fact that in the ecumenical movement one hundred sixty Protestant and Orthodox denominations can meet to discuss controversial themes with some hope of agreement is a vivid testimony as to how far worldwide movement for church unity has marched. The platform and work of the Council of Churches includes many widely divergent fields:

1. Precepts on faith and order.
2. The study of evangelism and the mission field.
3. The social responsibility of the church.
4. The struggle for a peaceful world community.
5. Peaceful inter-group relations.

Christ is the hope of the world. The ecumenical and missionary movements of our time are converging in the belief that the whole church has been commissioned to bring the whole gospel to the whole world. The need to care for the hungry, the thirsty, the naked, the sick, the emotionally maladjusted, and the spiritually starved; to testify to the world concerning its only hope—this is the meaning, purpose, and destiny of the church.

After many centuries there are still large gulfs in churchmanship. The creeds do not properly express the commonly held beliefs. Many church leaders think that professional skill is an adequate substitute for spiritual power. The churches are receiving a small and steadily declining portion of the national wealth. Many Americans (some fringe members of churches) are spiritually unaware or indifferent.

In contrast we have a strong, spiritually potent, individualistic religious strength. This is being used to revitalize the present body. Our churches are the best source of national and worldwide strength because they already have many dedicated leaders and laymen. The churches also have the technical skills needed, a high level of personal integrity, and the loyalty of multitudes.

We cannot escape the conviction that as an institution the church of today is playing a less dominant role than it has in the past. Nor can we escape the conviction that it has the possibility, and the inherent power, to achieve a much more glorious future.

Edwina Robinson

FALLING IN LOVE

I am no authority on the subject of falling in love. I would only like to express my views on how it might happen to me. Another person's ideas may differ from mine, for all do not experience love in the same manner.

"Love at first sight" is a common thought concerning love and may be possible. This idea stems from the traditional fairy tale of the charming prince meeting the princess and carrying her off to his kingdom. Of course, they live happily ever after. But to me, love offers such consequences and responsibilities that there should be a period of growth from its starting point into real love.

There was once a song written called "Fascination". Perhaps this is how love begins. Certainly in life I will meet many members of the opposite sex who might be suitable for me. I do not thoroughly believe in the concept that for me there is just one, a one-and-only. I feel that there is more than one boy whom I could marry and live happily with. While meeting and getting to know these boys (I do not know whether to call them men or not) there will be one who will strike my fancy and I will want to get to know him better and be with him more.

The period of fascination will be followed by a time when I will really learn about this person and become acquainted with the self that is deep inside and not just the part of him shown on the surface. By discussing our ideas on life and talking about various subjects, we shall find out our differences and similarities .

As I learn to understand this person more fully, I shall begin to notice his faults. I consider the recognition of these faults to be real testing places. If his faults become important, undermine my confidence in him, overshadow his finer qualities, this is not love. But perhaps it is the beginning of love if these faults, although known, do not decrease my confidence and faith in him, do not overshadow his excellent points, and do not change my feelings towards him.

Then the time will come when all of my thoughts will be consistently centered around him. I will think on him constantly. I will worry if he doesn't appear at the appointed time for fear that he has had an accident or is sick. And if he is sick I will wish his illness upon myself. When I go shopping, I will want to buy all I see for him; I will want to give my all to him. A desire will waken within me to be with him continually and do all I can for him. One of my aims in life will be to make him happy. This will be love.

And when this love finally comes I do not expect it to be static. No, our love will be a conjugal love that will grow and expand as the years of our life together increase.



Becky Hutchinson

MR. LINCOLN AND A NEW CITIZEN

The crowd had thinned out somewhat by the time we approached the massive building. Still wandering around the hall were a few typical American tourists. Southern drawls and Northern accents expressed the varied emotions built up by the lifelike statue of Abraham Lincoln.

As I climbed the many stairs to the Memorial, I thought about what I would find when I reached the top. Although I had seen pictures of the statue in magazines and books, I was totally unprepared for what I saw.

Mr. Lincoln, with his drawn features and serious expression carved in white stone, looked as real as the guard standing in the far corner. There was something in his expression that seemed to speak aloud.

When talking to the guard a few minutes later, I learned that nearly everyone has the same awed feeling when he sees the Memorial statue. The guard told me a story about an old immigrant who had the same impression each time he came to visit the Memorial.

Each day for three months Mr. Lejeff came with a pencil and a single piece of paper. He would sit on a bench next to the wall and look up at the statue for a few minutes. Taking his pencil and paper, he would write down a phrase from the "Gettysburg Address" and then recite it aloud to Mr. Lincoln. This went on until three months later when he returned with the happy news that he was now a citizen of the United States.

The guard couldn't resist asking the purpose of his daily procedure. Mr. Lejeff answered, "At home I read

and read and read, but everything is just words with no meaning. I come here, and Mr. Lincoln sits in his big chair and listens to me. Then I understand what I read. When I talk to Mr. Lincoln, I can hear him say the words I try to say, and everything becomes clear. Today I passed the test, and now I am a citizen of the United States.

Jim Phillips



BEING AN INDIVIDUAL AT COLLEGE

College is one of the most difficult places to be an individual. It seems that students are always afraid of being "different", and the ones that are "different" are often made fun of or even ignored. Realizing this fact, most students will do practically anything in order to conform. This fear comes from a basic insecurity, caused by the struggle to find a place in the adult world.

A few students on our campus, however, are not afraid to be individuals. They can be divided into two groups. First of all there are the students who are so different from everyone else in dress, actions, or in some other way that others snicker behind their backs. Some of them try so hard to be acceptable that they overdo it. These are the ones that deserve sympathy. Then there are the extroverts whom nearly everyone likes. They seem to get away with wearing plaid sport coats and orange shag sweaters. Everyone laughs with them, (not at them), and wishes he could be as brave.

These individuals are in the minority. The majority of students try to be as inconspicuous as possible.

Even in classes the fear of voicing a new opinion is often evident among students. A professor gives his lecture and students write down what he says. Maybe one person in the class will question his statements. The other students either have no questions, or are afraid of being laughed at or called "Brownie".

At college there is conformity in the manner of dress. We see "everyone" with a crew neck sweater, a white blzer,

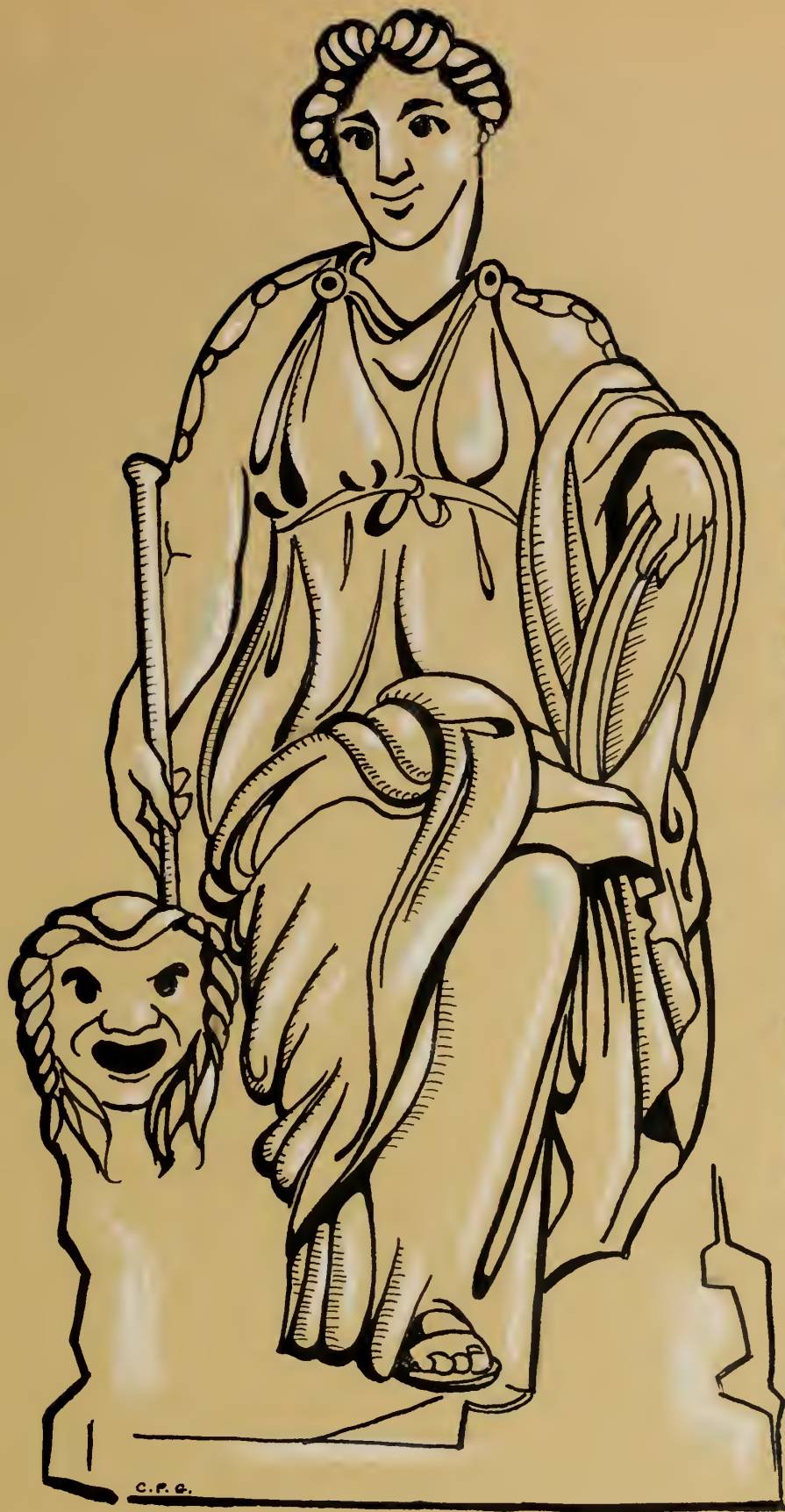
or a trench coat. Those who do not have them want them, not because they are a necessity, but because everyone has them. If something is "collegiate" it is acceptable. This general acceptance can change a person's natural tastes. For example, when pointed shoes first came out, I said I would never wear them. I now find myself owning a pair and actually liking them. But if everyone else were not wearing pointed shoes, I would never have bought a pair.

People conform even in religious matters. Most young people at college have standards by which they live, but too many times these standards are kept simply because they represent what is generally expected of a Christian.

This fear of expressing our opinions was well illustrated by Mrs. Williamson in one of her heart-to-heart talks when she said what a certain girl had said. "I would rather go home than reveal what I know. I couldn't stand the social pressure that would result if I revealed this information." This fear keeps some students from getting the best out of their college stay.

We live so close together at college that everyone cannot be an individual. We have to live together in harmony, and to do this there must be conformity on some minor matters. But we have to be careful that we don't let feelings of inferiority or the fear of being different keep us from being ourselves and developing our personalities in a way that will make us mature, happy adults.

Mary Faith Coleman



COMEDY

True comedy is the speaking
picture of the follies
and foibles of a nation

THE COMPOSITION THAT WAS NOT WRITTEN

How frustrating can English Composition become? As I first looked at the syllabus for this course, I thought, "Oh, why can't we choose our own topics?" I had many ideas that I wanted to write about. Today when I looked at the syllabus I was delighted to see that we could choose our own composition. However, when I got my pencil and paper out I couldn't think of anything that would make an interesting composition. I sat and thought, but finally gave up.

It's seven o'clock now and still no subject to write about. At eight I have to go to Glee Club and at nine I planned to study Spanish. Well, Spanish will have to wait. This composition has to be done, and that is that.

"Hi, there, Carolyn." That was Lon Woods. What happened to him today? He wasn't in biology lab. Oh, well, I can't worry about him now--I still have an English composition to write.

Look at all these kids writing. They all seem so intent upon what they are writing while I sit here and look around. Wish I could collect my thoughts. Even my roommate is writing away like mad tonight. That's unusual! She must be inspired. I wonder what she's writing about. No--I better not ask her--she'll murder me for distracting her.

Seven-forty-five. Oh, dear, only fifteen minutes left before Glee Club. Wish I could at least think of a subject.

"Oh, hi, Bill! Sorry, but I haven't time to talk right now. I've only got a few minutes to get a composition started. I'll talk to you later. O.K.?"

He didn't smile. Wonder if he feels well. Mustn't think of him now -- composition.....

Well, it's now fifteen minutes after nine. Guess I'll stay here in the room and try to think of a subject for that composition that is due tomorrow. Too bad I didn't find something to write about at Glee Club. I suppose I could write about Greg Larkin. No -- I couldn't really do him justice. Well, another idea gone out the window.

My, this dorm is noisy tonight! On, no, that call is for me. I hope it's not Ty asking me to babysit tomorrow night --- Why do they always ask me to babysit on Wednesday nights? I really shouldn't complain though. They give me so much and do so much for me.

There's a subject! I could write about the advantages of having five older brothers. I should save that until I have thought the subject through. Well, that's not helping me with the composition for tomorrow.

Why can't these girls get together and play the same radio station? This clash of jazz and classical really kills me! Maybe if they all played classical, I would be inspired. Oh, no, here comes Roommate. I bet she will turn her radio on. I'd better not say anything. She might get angry and we'll end up in an argument. I don't feel like arguing -- I have to write a composition.

Pat's door is banging. She'll be in here in a couple of minutes for our usual "jam session." I just hope the rest of the girls don't decide this would be a good room to talk in tonight. - - - Well, four extra girls are in here now and someone else is knocking at the door. Might

as well put this paper and pencil away. No composition will get written tonight. I just hope Mrs. Goodnow will understand when I tell her that a cup of tea, a handful of cookies and a talk with the girls was the reason I never did get that composition finished.

Carolyn Wooster



MUNRO HALL

On the beautiful campus of old E.N.C.
Stands Munro Hall and a room just for me.
The girls living here are friendly and nice,
Though some have had trouble living with mice!

"Man in the hall" is a phrase often heard
By girls on the floors of first, second, or third.
It's also repeated 'way up on fourth floor
As girls rush and scurry to get to their doors.

Some other aspects of life in the dorm -
When the mail comes, to the boxes we swarm.
We open our boxes with such eagerness
And we're very sad when nothing's there, we confess.

"Uncle Bob" gets the meals which we eat every day.
He keeps to the budget that we have to pay.
We know that he does the best that he can
For we see that he is a hardworking man.

We discuss almost everything under the sun
And have quite a lot of just plain ol' fun.
There are all types of music coming from rooms
Except during study hours when there's silence like tombs.

Each Tuesday night we all get together
To pray in our prayer cells because we'd all rather.
It helps us to grow more spiritually
And also to be better Christians, you see.

Mrs. Williamson's talks are for our own good.
She tells us the things that our dear mothers would.
She gives us the knowledge of her precious years
In order that we may not shed bitter tears.

I think we can say we like life in this place
Even though sometimes it's like a ratrace!
We have to study to get passing grades
But lamps, books, desks, chairs and such things are our aids.

When darkness has fallen and we're ready for bed,
It seems so good after our prayers are said.
Each little white bed snuggled close to the wall
Seems almost like heaven as in them we crawl.

We're thankful for those who live here today;
For those who have gone and have thus paved the way.
The many accomplishments which they have wrought
Should spur us to living right, just as we ought.

Nancy Ann Wells

WOODS RIDING IS NIL FOR ME

Motorcycling with my brother through the woods is one experience that I shall never forget. Behind the garage I heard the deep roar of the cycle's mufflers. "Let's go," my brother called impatiently. I ran to the cycle and jumped on behind. With a roar we were off.

Straight to the woods we headed. The road was full of holes, twists, sharp curves, hills, and large rocks in the most unlikely places. Then, too, the road was considerably higher in the center and had ruts on both sides. At one edge was a ditch wet with stagnant water. On the other side was a steep bank and of course no guard rails. At the speed my brother was driving, one little stone could have sent us sprawling into the ditch. However he did not share my anxiety, but whistled a merry tune.

Finding an eroded gully which once might have been a path, we proceeded into the woods. Never have I seen a machine so brutally used, but the pity I felt toward the cycle in no way compared with the sorrow I felt for my poor aching body. I began to wonder if my brother had gone crazy.

My brother decided to show me how to ascend a steep hill. On the left of a clearing was just what he was looking for. The hill was so steep a car could never have mounted it. I don't think I could have climbed it on foot without slipping. Even though I was scared stiff, I would not have backed out for anything. He advised me to lean toward the hill in case we couldn't make it. That way the cycle

would not fall on us as we slipped down the hill.

It took a hundred feet to gain momentum. Then we had to cross a mud hole, and from there the hill went almost straight up. We backed up the cycle to get a good start. Turning the gas on all the way to full speed ahead, we charged toward the hill. Suddenly I felt something catch in the back wheel. I yelled to stop. Jumping off the cycle, I found about twenty turns of chicken wire wrapped around the back axle. This incident did not quiet my nervous condition.

After removing the wire, we tried again. We flew down the runway, across the mud, and up the hill. Pebbles, stones, grass, bushes, and dirt were scattered in all directions. Clinging to my brother frantically, I prayed. He gripped the handle bars with the strength of a bull ape, and we gained the crest of the hill.

As we rested, I revealed my fears, glad that we didn't have to go back down. "Don't tell me you're scared," he said as he pointed out a "No Trespassing" sign. After what seemed like a breathtaking, soul-shaking nightmare, we gained the bottom of the hill. I have had enough of woods riding. For those who enjoy the sport it is all right. But as for me, no thanks.

David Trauffer



LATIN LOVER

She was a Latin lover. No, not a dark, beautiful Italian girl, so often associated with romance, but rather a lover of romance in the truest sense of the word. She was Miss Lewis, my high school Latin teacher, who loved Latin above all things. She could have rightly said, "There are very few of us left." I am not too sure what she would mean by "us", but I know that there are very few of them left.

Her appearance was---well, different. Sometimes red, sometimes white, and other times streaked with every shade between red and white, her hair crowned a head filled with many years of study at home and abroad. She was in her late fifties, a big woman, yet not overly big, and she carried herself erect. She wore glasses which were off almost as much as they were on.

Miss Lewis was extremely nervous, very excitable. She used to get so exasperated with the class that she could not find words to express her feelings. It was not uncommon for her to break into tears. She once expressed what other teachers must sometimes feel. She said, "Sometimes I think I would rather be a wash-woman, because when I wash a floor I know it's clean, but with you, I don't know whether or not anything is taking effect."

Miss Lewis lived for Latin. Not only for the language, but for the Romans themselves. She was constantly pointing out the advantages and high points of the Roman civilization. Students used to say that when she died, she would be

buried with Caesar. Of course, some were of the opinion that Miss Lewis would endure forever. She came through many experiences that would have finished weaker souls. One time, in a fit of anger, she backed up, tripped, and fell into the wastepaper basket. Rather embarrassing, but she survived.

Miss Lewis lived eight miles from the city in a huge mansion called Lewis House. On many snowy, icy mornings, when even teachers who lived in the city were late, Miss Lewis would be at school on time. She drove a small foreign car with an air of determination. She looked as though she were aiming rather than driving the car.

Miss Lewis had strong moral and religious principles. Woe to the person caught copying an assignment. She was very strict about talking in chapel and often reminded us that the auditorium became the house of God each morning for chapel. Our educational system has nothing to fear as long as we have teachers like Miss Lewis, a woman of strong character, devoted to her profession, and madly in love with Latin.



Ted Holson



... And the firmament
sheweth his handywork

BEAUTY IN THE SIMPLE

There are many things in our environment that many people do not take time to observe. They fail to see beyond the obvious.

In the bay near my home on Long Island, there lives a little creature. He has no value nor does he have any real purpose. In fact, not many people have ever noticed him. He is quite unnoticeable for he doesn't even have any color. He is simply a clear glob of jelly that drifts along with the tide. But before we draw any conclusions about him, let us have a little closer look at him.

Drawing nearer, we notice he seems to have a definite shape. He doesn't just "flow" like an amoeba, but maintains an elliptical form like that of a chicken egg. This clear elipsoid has many fine lines that follow the curvature of the surface, and extend from one end of the elipsoid to the other end. These lines look like the longitudinal lines of the earth.

While the sun is shining on this little fellow, we see these apparently invisible lines as millions of dots, each glistening with all the colors of the rainbow. Inside this glob we notice the faint outline of his digestive and reproductive organs. There is a thin line from these organs to each end of the elipsoid.

Aside from the presence of these organs, this fellow appears quite lifeless. He doesn't seem to move at all. Before we form any opinion about his lifelessness, let us look at him at night.

Since it is dark, we no longer see him. But when we stimulate him by touching him, each of those little lines become luminous. Could this be? He only looked like a lifeless glob of clear jelly drifting along with the tide. Now we see him as a fabulous network of luminous lines.

When I first mentioned this creature, I said he had no real purpose or value. But perhaps he is of some worth, as I found out one night.

One dark foggy evening I started toward an island across the bay. About a half mile from the island there were some gill nets. As I got farther out, it got foggier and I began to lose my way. While I was sailing along blindly, suddenly I saw a sheet of light that extended several hundred feet through the water. At first it startled me. When I realized what had happened, a feeling of awe came over me. The boat had hit a gill net and the net in turn had stimulated the jelly fist that were near it. When those little globs of jelly get together they can produce a beautiful sight.

On the way home from the island the jelly fish came to my attention again. All around the back of the boat the water was aglow. The motion of the boat was stimulating the jelly fish. The light seemed to give life to the cold and clammy water.

And so we see that this little glob of jelly, while most people don't even notice, is really a fabulous creature.

James Stark

AUTUMN LEAVES

The fall season meant little more to me as a young boy than the opportunity to go hunting and taste the nippy flavor of fresh cider. Yet as the hours of quiet meditation began to season the responses of my finer senses, I became aware of more than the color and cool air that accompanies this transition in nature's calendar. The longer I live, the more I respect and reverence the approach of this season and its particular meaning to me.

When the crisp autumn air bites my nostrils and the deep gray of the autumn sky forms a rippling pond across the fading light of a failing day, I see the victims of the frost falling endlessly to the taut cold ground. Regiment after regiment fall prostrate before the face of the Almighty in an effort to blanket the ugliness of the earth's scared face. Some have absorbed the warm reds of many sunsets, some have become as the yellow pages in an aged book, others finish their course in a deep brown hue, while still others seem to be little specks of pink ribbon dropped by forgetful girls at play. With the countless journeys of the sun's path across the earth, time has recruited the pigments from the rings of Saturn and incorporated them in the fiber of the old folks. The cold winds of approaching death seem to distribute the beauty of time's visual message. Once more the tragedies of time bring forth hidden beauty that otherwise would have gone unnoticed.

The lined face, the experienced world, and the spice

of life to be found in old folks is a beauty that youth cannot hope to compete with, in the same manner that the limp monotony of the summer leaf can never compare with the crisp colorfulness of the autumn leaf.

I cannot help being dazzled by the brightness of the noon day; but at the same time, I am unable to express the surge of emotion that fills my heart as I watch the exit of another day as it blazes its way out on the western rim. The young sapling draws from me a note of sympathetic praise, but the gnarled oak commands my respect and reverence.

The fullness of life produces unparalleled beauty by the depth of years. I have no fear of yeilding myself to the hand of t me with the hope that it will be as kind to me as it always is to the autumn leaves.

Charles Paul Goodman



HERMAN

Who is Herman? What is he doing at E.N.C.? One can find Herman in a jar of formaldehyde in the Biology laboratory on third floor of Shrader Hall. Herman is my frog. I know Herman quite well, both inside and out. Along with many other frogs like him, he plays an important part in learning at E.N.C.

When I first met Herman, he looked up at me with a glassy stare. We got along well from the start; he is a good friend now. At first, I hesitated to handle him, but after an hour or so my fears were gone, and I worked with him freely. In my second laboratory with Herman I made a shocking discovery. He was a she! However, it was too late to change "his" name, so theoretically, Herman is still a male frog.

I hated to dissect Herman, but for the promotion of science education I laid the scalpel to his tender skin. However, he seemed to understand and didn't say a word. Together Herman and I explored his circulatory, digestive, and nervous systems. I learned much from my little friend, but now we must part.

Today is my last laboratory with Herman, and we will say good-bye. Nevertheless, Herman is a friend I shall remember. He has done much to broaden my education. Yes, that is what Herman and his frog family are doing at E.N.C.-- opening the door of biological knowledge to young students.

June Weischodel

WHAT A CLOUDBURST CAN DO

One day, out of sheer lack of anything better to do, I sat in a window booth of a drug store, downing a malt, and watching the people pass by. Since I was in New England it wasn't long before something began to change, namely, the weather!

I observed the people with their "Old Man of the Mountain" faces. No zest for living was visible. They seemed to be bearing the heavy burden of mere existence. Then it happened. A cloudburst came rushing down with gushes of fresh, clean water. Suddenly everyone seemed to be going somewhere, though it was doubtful thath they knew just where. Clusters of hunched up, drenched human beings scurried along the sidewalk. Youngsters and old men alike were hop-scotching from the shelter of one shop awning to the next. A buzz of chatter was started, probably by the town gossip. She was in her glory now. She had an audience that couldn't get away. Miscellaneous tidbits could be heard..."....never could depend upon that weather man." ..."you might have known, my corns were aching this morning"....

The road itself, since it formed a hill, took on the appearance of a big black whale stretching its back out of the ocean, with ripples of water flowing off its center to the gutters. That slick, shiny black back rolled to the bottom of the hill, and as far as the eye could follow.

Inside the shops, more people than usual were milling around. They didn't really know what they wanted. About all one could do, anyway, was to stay indoors.

The general atmosphere was one of modified tension, of quick change from the humdrum happenings of ten minutes before. People really didn't know just what to do with themselves. Their stale pattern of life had been interrupted, and they were secretly delighted.

Soon the brief rainstorm was over. Sunbeams playing back and forth through the drenched atmosphere produced a rainbow extending the length of the street. God sent His showers upon this little town to clear the air and to refresh the people who call it their home.

The street itself looked as though someone had taken a hard bristle brush and really scoured it. An air of cleanliness penetrated every nook and cranny.

The shop crowds were filtering out now. People popped their heads out of doorways, with one arm raised and extended, as if expecting to catch the last raindrop.

The people seemed to possess a new vitality. A certain spring was present in everyone's step, as if this dynamic energy must be set free.

Nancy Thomas





VICTORY

They conquer who
believe they can

COOPERATION AND TEAMWORK = VICTORY

Red Grange, the famed "Gallopig Ghost of the Gridiron," once said, "Only crack teamwork enabled me to make my touchdown runs." Cooperation and teamwork are the two things that my hobby has taught me.

For five years my burning ambition was to own and drive a car, any car, at the drag races. At last, I was allowed to have a car of my own. Naturally, my first question about choosing a car was not whether it had power windows or seats, but rather, what would be the best combination of engine and transmission to make my car the fastest car in the Detroit area.

Two good friends, Pete Smith and Tom Waylett, helped me adjust the carburetors, set the valve lash and ignition until we got the timing we wanted, and make many other small changes designed to help us lose that extra tenth of a second the difference, many times between victory and defeat.

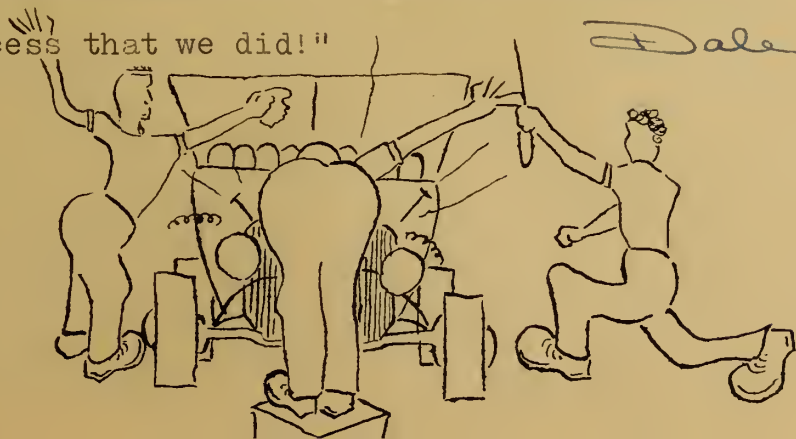
After a month of testing and retesting we took the car to the drag strip at New Baltimore, Michigan. During the practice runs we had the low elapsed time in our class of 15.45 seconds, but we lost the race because a teammate, namely me, fell down on the job. After adjusting the carburetors just before the championship race, I had forgotten to tighten the linkage securely. As a result midway through the trophy dash the linkage fell apart and I was beaten.

After this episode the three of us developed a system of teamwork and cooperation that, I believe, helped us

win as often as we did. After getting to the dragstrip, Tom Waylett would immediately change the tires and replace them with a set of tires made of very soft rubber, which gave the car better traction. Pete Smith and I would clear everything out of the car that was not secure, and unbolt the "lakes plugs." Then I would take the car on the strip for a test run. If the car ran well we would let it sit until the finals, which were later in the day or night. If not, Pete Smith would use his mechanical ability to re-tune the car. Although I did most of the tuning and engine work at home, Tom and Pete felt that at the track I should concentrate only on driving.

Due to this teamwork and cooperation, we were able to win ten trophies and set class records at every strip we visited. Our low elapsed time of 14.19 seconds in the quarter-mile was one of the fastest recorded stock car times in the United States during the 1959 season. As a fitting climax for this teamwork and cooperation we received a letter of invitation from the director of Detroit Drag Racing asking us to participate in the Nationals, "the World Series of Drag Racing." Unfortunately, we all had to be at college the week of the Nationals.

Rephrasing the statement by Red Grange, I would like to say, "Only crack teamwork and cooperation allowed us to gain the success that we did!"



Dale Gilroy

THANK YOU, LAKIA

Lakia, the little Russian dog, is just sitting there on the bench in the big metal enclosure called a satellite. He meekly whimpers to those who pass him, as he seeks love love from them. Taped to his head, his hands, his feet, and his chest are many tiny wires which are used to record his actions and reactions. Once in awhile, Lakia timidly twitches in discomfort but says nothing. He is merely thinking of the past years which he spent at the home of his loving master, a little boy named Nikita. These thoughts cause him to wonder about his present environment. He knows it is useless to cry out, because he has tried it before without results. No gentle hand ruffles his fur and no pat on the head assures him of love.

Suddenly he hears a faint rumble which gradually, and then more rapidly, becomes a deafening, maddening roar. As the satellite soars upward, even upward toward the unknown, little Lakia feels a dizziness and utter loneliness. His animal mind does not realize the fact that he is now the most famous animal in the world. Lakia, under abnormal conditions, continues to survive and to react to outer space life, but he gradually weakens. With one last whimper for a rescue and for love, he is silent and still in death. We thank you, Lakia. We thank you for dying that man may someday accomplish his highest goals and desires.

Ruth Fetterman

COULDN'T IT? IT DID!

Nearly two thousand years ago, a very spectacular event took place which has changed the world ever since. Yet very few people seem to know or care about it. This event concerns a man by the name of Jesus of Nazareth. This is what couldn't happen, but it did.

The event took place in Jerusalem. When we arrive we see a huge screaming mob. What is all this confusion? We follow the crowd, and then we see a sad yet peaceful looking man standing on a platform. This man is Jesus, and He is being tried.

There is actually no decisive evidence against Him, but the jury is the maddened crowd. The man is declared guilty; His hands are tied and His back is whipped for crimes He did not commit. He is mocked and spit upon with scorn He does not deserve. Then our King of Kings is arrayed in royal colors and given a crown of thorns which rips His very flesh. Finally, He is sentenced to die on a cross on Calvary. All this is for sins we, not He, committed.

In the next glimpse we see Him bowed with the burden of a heavy cross, slowly struggling up a hill. All around the jeering crowd mocks Him. No one shows any love as He struggles on alone.

At last He reaches the summit of the hill. There His hands and feet are cruelly nailed to the cross He has been carrying. Then the scoffing crowd raises that wooden cross on which He is nailed. His hands and feet are torn as the cross is dropped into a hole. Then this godless crowd

draws back to watch and scoff as our Lord, our Savior, in anguish dies. Thus it was that Christ, the Son of God, died in agony, alone, friendless.

We find a quiet place and here we lay our Lord to rest. The days are gloomy, the nights are all black, and a deep sadness fills the place.

Suddenly, three days later, our Savior walks out of the tomb, flings off death and sin, and lives for all the world to see. Yet, today, the world plods on in darkness of sin, and our blessed Savior's death seems all in vain.

But His death was not entirely in vain. Some of us have loved His name because He died that we might live.

It couldn't happen. But, thank God, it did!

Betty Valentine



"WE HAVE A GOD WHO DELIGHTS IN IMPOSSIBILITIES"

There is a challenge which God puts before us today. It is a loving challenge but is seemingly impossible. He wants us to bring our deepest and highest wishes for ourselves and for others and leave them with Him, no matter how impossible they may appear to us or how long they have gone unfulfilled. He wants us to bring our "impossibilities" to Him and trust and believe that nothing is too hard for Jesus. He wants to give back to us our "impossibilities" without the prefix "im".

"Is anything too hard for the Lord?" It is very easy to answer a great big "NO", but when it comes right down to practicing what we preach, many Christians find it hard to believe wholeheartedly that He will be able to help us achieve this "desire" which we hold deep within our hearts. At times Christians do not seem to have enough faith to hold on and trust Someone we cannot see. It is extremely hard to believe that things are going to be worked out for our own good. It takes much faith on the part of the Christian to actually leave "desire" and "burden" at the place of prayer. Nothing is too difficult for Him when we believe enough to obey His will and leave the rest in His miracle-working hands.

There is one attitude, however, that is unacceptable to Jesus. It is a deliberate, continued disbelief in His love and power. If we refuse to let Him give us our hearts desire it will most certainly continue to be an impossibility in our eyes. We blame Him for not answering our prayer

when we haven't asked or trusted Him for that thing. We really are missing something by not believing Him for everything that we would like to do or be. If we want our will to be in accordance with His, then He will want the same things for us that we want. "Nothing is too hard for Jehoval to do for them that trust Him."

Examples in the Bible and in Christian life prove how God can and does answer the impossible request. Abraham and Sarah prayed for a son even at their advanced age. Having a child at their time of life was an "impossibility", supposedly. but not to our God. The writer of Streams In The Desert once said, "It seems so unsafe to just sit still, and do nothing but trust the Lord; and the temptation to take the battle into our own hands is often tremendous." But when He shows us that our self-effort hinders, all we need do is believe Him for everything. We can then sit still and watch Him perform His miracles. How difficult it is to rescue a drowning man who is trying to help the one who is attempting to save him! In like manner, it is impossible for God to help us when we continually resist.

We delight to see the impossible accomplished. And so does our God.

Carol L. Lane



A PERFECT DAY

When we arrive at E.N.C. we form many habits, both good and bad. We do not realize at the time how regular these habits become. If we don't pause to consider them, we might never realize the bearing they have upon our lives. Last Sunday morning I became aware of this fact and decided to do something about my situation.

I determined when I entered church this particular Sunday morning that I was going to do many things differently. My first objective was to enter the service of worship with a clear mind and an open heart. I also determined to listen to the message and try to comprehend the basic ideas of the sermon. For one of the few times this year I can truthfully say that I received some help from this morning of worship. The Rev. Earl Lee's message and counsel concerning the calling of God for our lives still remains in my mind.

After dinner I attended the prayer meeting in the parlor for the second time this year. It wasn't the idea of not wanting to attend these meetings in the past, but there always seemed to be some other matter which appeared more important. The time spent in the parlor was rewarding as I recognized once again the close unity one must have and maintain with His God.

The next activity of my special Sunday was to go along with the hospital choir to help cheer up the sick and shut-ins. I enjoyed every moment of the hymn singing, and if no one else received help from it, I did. I can still see

the face of one elderly gentleman as he lay upon his bed with a look of despair on his face. The hospital choir is open to all of us, but so few realize the benefit that it is possible to receive from participating in such an organization.

In the evening I went to a mission in Boston where other members of our mission team and I helped to deliver the message of Christ to those who bore the deep scars of sin. It was here that I realized the challenge that God has set before us, and we are hardly touching the possibilities that He has given to us. It is hard to realize the different types of people that make up our society until we have such an experience. Hasn't God given all a soul which will be lost unless we, as Christians, do something to help them?

When the day came to a close I did not go to bed with the idea that I had accomplished something very vital or great. Rather, I thought of how little I had done for God and how good He has been to me. It was here that I again purposed to do more, to win more for Christ.

Paul A. Pierce



Life is a Warfare

"Life is a warfare, and the sojourn of a stranger in a strange land."

The Christian life is a series of battles and the journey of a human through this world en route to his future home.

The warfare of the Christian has both physical and mental challenge as does the life of every person, but the Christian's is primarily spiritual. We face the same physical problems, and we must use our mental powers in dealing with them as do non-Christians. These factors are basic and are vital to human life, but the Christian is also in battle with Satan and the powers of darkness.

The Apostle Paul described our struggle as a wrestle "not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Satan has his agents in all walks of life--in government, in society, and even in spiritual places. We can turn in no direction without encountering the enemy. For this reason God has made available to us a complete armor. We need not be wounded by the enemy's blows, nor knocked down by his power and might. When we face Satan and his forces, if we are dressed in the armor of truth, righteousness, peace, salvation, and if we are carrying with us the shield of faith, we are ready for the defensive battle. This blessed assurance is necessary to the maintenance of our spiritual life. But should we be content only to defend

ourselves? Should we not also take the offensive?
Warfare includes both defensive and offensive action.

We have a spiritual armor for our own protection, but what do we have for the retaliation? The Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and the power of prayer are our weapons. When Christ met Satan in the wilderness, He defeated him each time with "It is written...." When casting out demons He prayed. At His command, they left the body of the afflicted. If Jesus gained the victory over Satan by the Word and prayer, surely these are sufficient weapons for us. We have access to the Father and to Christ, and we have the indwelling Holy Spirit as well.

The Christian warfare is not only an outward one. The greatest battles take place within ourselves. Self does not want to be crucified. Until we come to the place of complete yielding of our lives, our wills, our all to Christ, we have an inward struggle. The Holy Spirit is present, for He entered our lives when we allowed Christ's entrance, and He is trying to gain control. Until we are emptied of self and sin, the Holy Spirit cannot fill us and give us perfect peace to replace the inward warfare. The external struggle continues as long as we are in the flesh, but when the inward war has been won by the Spirit, we have the power of God available for our use in the conflict with Satan and in breaking his domination over the lives of those who have no protection against him. Temptation is a reality, but we have the power of Christ with which to resist it. No longer must we yield to the

flesh as we did before we received Christ's power.

We are strangers in this world, not because we are physically or mentally any different from others or any better than they are, but because Satan is the prince of this land. We are not subject to his rule; therefore we are not citizens. We are here because this is the way we must take to get to our promised home. Our Ruler has commissioned us, however, to be useful as we go through this life. By showing the subjects of this world's ruler that there is a way of deliverance from his bondage and oppression, we are able to bring pilgrims with us to the Homeland.

Janet Irish





THE GREEK ORACLE
SPEAKS
TO THE
CLASS OF 1963

BETSY BALLENTINE - "Silence more musical than any song."

CYNTHIA BOAS - "Ever faithful , always true, you seldom see her when she's blue."

MILDRED COURIE - "You may think she's bashful, until you get to know her."

ANGIE BOWMAN - "They build too low who build beneath the stars."

RICHARD CHRISTINA - "He's quite a self-determined man, ambitious to do the best he can."

BILL CLEMENS - "Some folks invest in stocks and bonds, but Bill prefers brunettes and blondes."

CAROL COVE - "The best way to have a friend, is to be one."

GLEN CUNNINGHAM - "Girls are my enemies, but the Bible says to love your enemies."

FRANKLIN DARROW - "A good mind possesses a kingdom."

PAT DUTTON - "Happy I am, from care I'm free. Why aren't more people just like me?"

JACK ELLINGWOOD - "All you must do is see the grin to think of some mischief he's been in."

CONNIE ERCALONI - "Tall and soft spoken."

RUTH FETTERMAN - "Efficiency at its peak."

TOM FIALA - "Our Rembrandt."

HELENA JORDAN - "Naturally nice."

TOM LINDSAY - "It's a great life if you don't weaken."

JOHN MOORE - "Oh, just to be happy."

DON MORFORD - "Easy going, that's Don."

ESTHER MATHENY - "Never underestimate her."

KEN NELSON - "A fabulous character."

BECKY HUTCHINSON - "A sparkle in her eyes and on her lips, a smile."

PAUL PAULSEN - "Everyone has one true love...now where is my basketball."

IVA SHOFF - "She may be no artist but she sure can draw friends."

DALE GILROY - "This guy is a mystery, we're sure he has a history."

KEN SIPES - "Give me life, liberty, and the pursuit of women."

NANCY WELLS - "I can't help being merry, when I have so much fun."

ANN BYERS - "What! Me worry?"

ALBERT SEARS - "The next day is never as good as the night before."

BARBARA BRIGHAM - "Love is in her heart, stars are in her eyes."

NAOMI WILBRAHAM - "The terrible burden of having nothing to do."

JANE OTIS - "All has been said."

JIM PHILLIPS - "Anyone seen my boomerang?"

HENRY MOUNT - "Let any man speak long enough, he will get believers."

DICK DIFFENDERFER - "Blessed are the peacemakers on earth."

BETH GOULD - "Little friends may prove great friends."

NANCY THOMAS - "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

PAUL PIERCE - "Character is higher than intellect."

CARL ALERIGHT - "The vocation of every man is to serve other people."

SA REIGHARD - "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet."

JOAN WOOD - "She is little, she is wise, she's a wonder
for her size."

ANN WHITING - "Never say more than is necessary."

FRED WICKS - "Sing away sorrow, cast away care."

KAREN SPEAKMAN - "Man has his will, but woman has her
way."

JACKIE WITKE - "Tonight we live, tomorrow we take an
aspirin."

DON DETTERLINE - "Women? I hate them. They irritate
me. I just love to be irritated."

SUE ADAMS - "A head to contrive, a tongue to persuade,
and a hand in any mischief."

PAT WARD - "The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart."

HELEN NUTTER - "And had a face like a blessing."

LON WOODS - "If only women were like almanacs, you
could have a new one every year."

PAT STUTLER - "Happiness is like fertilizer, it's
no good 'till you spread it around."

GLENN BODEN - "All the world is my playground."

MARY ZIEGLER - "Do not take life seriously, you'll
never get out of it alive."

MARY ANN YEAGER - "A welcome friend and ever gay."

NANCY BAIRD - "I am what I am and that's all I am."

GARY ROBLE - "Just a happy-go-lucky fellow with
personality plus."

BARBARA SMITH - "Short and sweet with natural charms
that can't be beat."

AUDREY MACHAY - "Put your sorrows and cares on the
shelf, I came to school to enjoy myself."

MARY COLEMAN - "Stay the way you are and the world is
yours."

CARL GOLD - "Never let your work interfere with your
play."

KEN WHITEHEAD - "I have laid aside business and gone hunting."

LOIS MUNROE - "Dresses to dine in, and flirt in, and talk in."

TED HOBSON - "Like all good men, he has a mind of his own."

BARBARA PETERSON - "Speech is great but silence is greater."

DAVE GILPATRICK - "To know him is to like him."

JANET IRISH - "Music is the thing of the world I love most."

ELIZABETH MYERS - "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in a woman."

ARTHUR LANBA - "Gentle in manner, strong in performance."

SANDRA IRETON - "Music is well said to be the speech of angels."

CLAUDE DIEHL - "I never dare act as funny as I can."

MURLIN HAMMOND - "Quiet people are welcomed everywhere."

GEORGE OSBORNE - "Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves."

CAROLYN WOOSTER - "Her happy ways and friendly smile made her fun to be with all the while."

HOLLY STONER - "She is a quiet lass, with a charm that will surpass."

ANN SHAW - "A sweet nature with a host of friends."

JUNE WEISCHEDEL - "A quiet lass, but sweet and gentle, always ready to help."

JAMES STARK - "A mind full of work; a spirit full of fun."

THELMA POOLE - "A sense of humor is a women's most valuable asset."

PHYLLIS VALE - "Quiet people are welcomed everywhere."

NANCY SMITH - "Quiet and coy, to know her is a joy."

PAT REED - "Like a ray of sunshine on a cloudy day."

HARVEY ROBBINS - "If he can't find a way, he'll make one."

JOHN STARK - "Wit and wisdom are born with a man."

BETTY WILLIAMS - "A true friend is forever a friend."

STEVE PERRY - "It seems so easy to be good natured,
I wonder why anybody takes the trouble
to be anything else."

RUTH OERTEL - "I have no other but a woman's reason."

RON THOMAS - "Still water runs deep....need we say
more?"

ALWYN ROYALE - "Never let your work interfere with your
play."

DAVE TRAUFTER - "A quiet, hard working, fun-loving
guy."

SANDRA RICH - "Happy, smiling, always gay; she
spreads sunshine on her way."

JUDY TODD - "There is great ability in knowing how
to conceal one's ability."

KITTY LANIER - "When my heart is full of praise I
can't keep back the song."

HARRY WEIKEL - "Everything has been said."

SHIRLEY SMIDORE - "Truth is the secret of eloquence
and of virtue."

CALVIN SPURR - "We grant, although he had much wit,
he was very shy in using it."

DICK WILLIAMSON - "In quietness and in confidence
shall be my strength."

EDWARD RALEY - "As good natured a soul as e'er trod
on shoe of leather."

GEORGE CALBERG - "Ideals are what men live by."

DAVID MASSI - "Just born for success!"

BILL McALLISTER - "Can't keep a good man down."

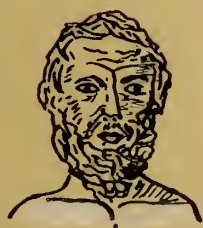
ELWOOD O'DELL - "No wonder my heart sings."

BARRY MAHONEY - "Though shy, he's one swell guy."

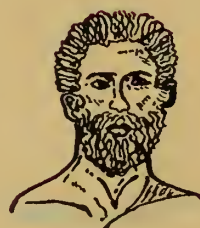
CAROLYN LINFESTY - "Sports and songs on her mind."



INTRODUCING
THE NEWLY APPOINTED
GODS



AND



GODDESSES
OF THE 1960 GREENBOOK

GOD AND GODDESS OF WISDOM



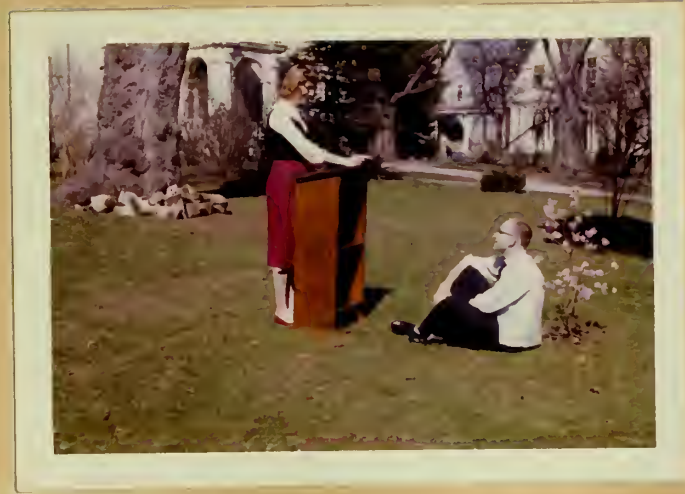
Arthur Lamba and Pat Ward

GOD AND GODDESS OF LOVE



Ken Sipes and Audrey MacKay

GOD AND GODDESS OF LEADERSHIP



Dick Diffenderfer and Barbara Brigham

GOD AND GODDESS OF BEAUTY



Paul Paulsen and Iva Shoff

GOD AND GODDESS OF ATHLETICS



Glen Boden and Nancy Baird

GOD AND GODDESS OF SCHOOL SPIRIT



John Moore and Nancy Thomas

GOD AND GODDESS OF FASHION



Don Detterline and Karen Speakman

GOD AND GODDESS OF ETIQUETTE



Jim Phillips and June Weischedel

GOD AND GODDESS OF SUCCESS



Carl Albright and Mary Ann Yeager

GOD AND GODDESS OF SOLITUDE



Don Thatcher and Jane Otis

GOD AND GODDESS OF WIT



Larry Gerhart and Ann Byers

GOD AND GODDESS OF VERSATILITY



Gary Roble and Becky Hutchinson

GOD AND GODDESS OF TALENT



Fred Wicks and Janet Irish

GOD AND GODDESS OF CONTINUOUS SPEECH

Dale Gilroy and Mary Ziegler

GOD AND GODDESS OF PERSONALITY



Dave Gilpatrick and Helen Nutter

